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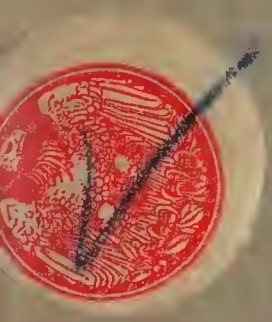
When the Pedagogue Falls in Love



By L. D. WOLFE

THE AUTHOR

When the Pedagogue Falls in Love

and Essays

By L. D. WOLFE

Roanoke, Va.,
The Stone printing & manufacturing co
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PREFACE

I offer this little volume to the public with some degree of hesitancy yet I feel that it is worth the reader's perusal. It may be an odd combination but I hope that both inspiration and amusement may be gotten from it.

If the story, "When the Pedagogue Falls in Love," with its ridiculous situations and the "lassies'" letters with their crude expressions of affection succeed in provoking a few smiles, I shall feel repaid for my efforts.

For the essays I offer no apology. I believe that true religion is not a set of forms and creeds but a part of life; that the home is the foundation upon which the safety of our national existence rests; that education is not measured by "varsity" marks. With the hope that these thoughts as expressed in these essays will be an inspiration to some, I send this little book on its mission.

Blacksburg, Virginia
August, 1924

THE STONE PRINTING & MANUFACTURING CO.
ROANOKE, VA.
STONE
U.S.A.

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WHEN THE PEDAGOGUE FALLS IN LOVE

IN THE mountains of Southwest Virginia there is a little village by the name of Fincastle. How it was so named we do not know, as we have never seen any authentic account of the origin of the name. It is supposed to have been brought from the east by some of the good people who live about the village. As there is a town by the same name farther east, it makes but little difference where the name came from but its situation and about its people are what everybody would like to know.

About a mile from the valley of the Clinch river which is one of the branches of the Tennessee extending into Virginia, is the beautiful little village. It has its handsome farm houses dotted about on the hills, also its two commercial buildings situated on the margin of the main road where the good women of the community do their shopping and the men meet each Saturday to talk over the last week's gossip and surmise what may happen until the next meeting.

There are junior members of this gossip fraternity who do not take part in the senior conversation because their topics run along other lines. In this group some young "spirt" will be demon-

strating how to make the beautiful ringlets of smoke from the latest brand of cigarettes, while another may be seen showing how to drown a gnat ten feet distant from the juice produced by his chewing on his new "plug" of tobacco. Their main topic of conversation is the bonnie lassies of the village (each one wants to know who has been "courtin' my gal"). They tell what bliss it is to walk by the side of the "bonnie" gal and pour out the words of eternal love and excite the enmity of the other boys who have no sweetheart and make them wish they were members of the smart-alec fraternity. It is joy, indeed, to have the bonnie lassies look at them with a loving smile and see in that smile an assent to be a life-long companion.

On a hill about the center of the village stands the church and little red schoolhouse side by side. The ground on which these stand is held in reverence by the good villagers. The whole scene is an inspiring one to the oldest patriarch down to the tot of six. To the older one it is the spot where he receives his divine inspiration, to the youngster it is the beacon light of knowledge. At the church the good villagers assemble each Sunday, either for Sunday school or to hear the gospel expounded by their rustic and very pious old fashioned parson. The old saints are very careful that the younger ones have the proper instruction in the Divine Law as well as the secular things in the day school.

Among this assembly is always to be found a young fellow by the name of Rip Hankles whose greatest delight is to play a practical joke on some one. He takes in all the good instruction that is given in the Sabbath school with the other youngsters. He has more mischief than ill-will in his composition. He believes in right and might be considered a genial, jolly good fellow, though he is regarded by some of the ignorant, narrow-minded rustics as dangerous to the safety and peace of the community. He attended the school with the rest of the youngsters of the village under the learned and majestic master, Philip Moser, who is a native of the place. He was once known to have traveled beyond the bounds of the village, and that excited so much gossip that he never did it again. When he is not engaged in his duties as master of the village school, he remains quietly at his home which is nestled in the hills about one mile distant from his school. Here he spends his vacation through the long summer months. Surrounded by all the beauties of nature (as he lazily swings in his hammock during the hot summer vacation days) he has a panorama before him that is a feast for any lover of the beautiful. Just in front of his cottage porch where his hammock hangs are flower beds with many colored blossoms. In these he can always hear the hum of the busy bees and the warble of the birds which make the orchard of apple trees in front

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of the house their home. Thus surrounded by nature's own work of art and music these must be happy days for the worthy pedagogue. A rugged path leads from his home to the village schoolhouse which he has traveled daily ever since the war in going to perform his duties as master of the village school.

I would describe him as Irving describes Crane: He is tall, exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangle a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head is small and flat at top with large ears, large, green, glassy eyes and long snipe nose that looks like a weather cock perched on his spindle neck to show which way the wind blows. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him one might mistake him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth or some scarecrow eloped from a corn field.

His schoolhouse, as stated, is not a very large structure and is built of bricks; notwithstanding this dangerous fellow, Rip Hankles, it was left unsecured most of the time. This was too great a temptation for Rip to stand for playing a prank on the great Moser.

The honorable Moser had decided that on account of the great increase in the school population

and a prospect for more increase, he ordered the school board to employ an assistant in his school. Since he was the dictator of the village he had just the one he wanted employed. She was a young lady who was the idol of the worthy pedagogue's heart, but it did not seem that he was any idol of hers though she sympathized with him a great deal in his troubles.

The school became the object of some wag or other who would go in between school hours and turn things topsy turvy and play all kinds of pranks; although the villagers were deeply religious, they seemed to forget that part of the Divine Law which says, "Judge not lest you be judged," and accused Rip Hankles and his crew of all of this.

Philip Moser, not being of such superstitious disposition as the old patriarchs, did not heed the warnings given him, but it would have been well for him if he had. One morning in the fall term of his school he was up with the dawning of the morning, feeling gayer than usual, he spent more time before the mirror adjusting his high collar and necktie, combing his hair and making a general primp up. He felt as proud as a young rooster with his first spurs. It was now time for him to start for his place of work. He began to measure his steps toward the schoolhouse over the well worn path leading in that direction. The cool, bracing autumn air, the sweet songs of the birds, just

awakening from their night's slumber, made him feel very majestic. All of his grand hopes fell as he entered the schoolhouse door. There was but one person to witness the affair. He said it was mirth-provoking to see the performance. No doubt it was to see him as he gave the schoolhouse door a lurch, this upset a pail containing ten gallons of water which was carefully hung above the door (some of Rip Hankle's work, of course). This ten gallons of water suddenly descended on his frame, knocked his hat off, melted his collar, wet the ground, causing him to fall, rip his trousers and make a "spluttering" noise like a steam engine thrown from the track. After he had recovered from the shock and the students and the assistant had arrived they were informed of what had happened. The two pedagogues at once issued a manifesto that all males (bulls and boars not included) within a mile square should be sworn as to their guilt or innocence of the crime. The conditions of the manifesto were that if any one should refuse to swear he would be considered guilty. The honorable Moser and the members of the school board thought and expressed the opinion that the guilty parties should be punished with death. It is clear what a dangerous thing it was to offend these dignified gentlemen by playing an innocent practical joke. Rip Hankles and his "pals" refused to make any statements before the village "square," therefore, they were

guilty. Hence they were expelled from the school. Since no direct evidence could be produced, no attempt was made for further conviction and the inflicting of the death penalty as the saintly (?) gentlemen desired. Since he was at a loss to know the real facts of the case the tranquility of Moser was greatly disturbed. He soon disappeared, no one knew his whereabouts. His disappearance created excitement for a while but as he was in nobody's debt and a bachelor he was soon forgotten.

The school was placed in charge of another pedagogue who probably was superior to his predecessor as he had had more chance to learn the art of teaching. He had been to the city attending college and while there he became imbued with the city manners and styles which he displayed among the rustic people. He dressed after the fashion of a real city dude and if seen walking about the village on Sundays one would think some fashion plate had come to life and was taking a journey through the country. He instructed the less informed on all questions not familiar to an ordinary mind. To see him standing around on this duty he looked as important as a guide post in the center of Squire Jenkins' mill pond. Under his rule the school got along as well as it did under the former master.

One day a young student, by the name of "C. Weesely," went to a not far away city and brought the information that Philip Moser was

there and had become a great orator and was being boomed for Congress. Some even thought he should be president of the United States. His position here was far superior to that of an ordinary school teacher that he was in his native village. This shows how small things may shape the destiny of great men, as this affair did of Philip Moser. Although it was adverse to his ambition in the beginning it turned him into his proper sphere. Rip Hankles says he is proud that he has the honor of being the originator of the scheme that gave the country a great and useful man.

PART II

We have the story of Philip Moser as he appeared as a professional man and his rise in the world. We shall now take up another part of his biography and go into more details of his life and relate his love affairs without which our story would be very incomplete.

The most interesting part of any man's life is his dealings with the fair ones. In making preparations to write this biography we have had the good fortune to be taken into the confidence of Philip Moser, therefore, we have every detail of his life history, even his love letters are in our possession.

In searching through his old papers and relics we found many strange, mystic things and facts. In looking up his family record we found he was

born September 31 (?), 1687, and the "sparking" time of Philip to which most of this chapter is devoted was between 1888 and 1900. From the record we learn that he began courting in his thirtieth year and quit on his fiftieth birthday. There may be some who can't see how it was that Philip Moser was born over two centuries ago and was only fifty years old September 31 (?), 1900. This will be explained later.

He grew up as most boys do, having about the same experiences that come along in any boy's life. He did not consider himself grown up until his thirtieth birthday. He always said as long as he felt like a mere boy he never would think of going with the girls, for it was a tradition in his family that it was a boy's place to play and run errands and not think of the more serious things of life.

At thirty years of age Philip put away these childish things and began to think as a man. The first thing that occupied his thoughts was his love for the fair sex. When his love, pent up for all these years, did get started no fair damsel could resist its influence. Mr. Moser was a very ardent wooer and no more popular young gentleman with the girls of the neighborhood ever lived there. It is a mystery to most every one why he is a bachelor unto this day, but he is a strange character and his neighbors do not seem to understand his life. Being the village schoolmaster he was considered the

biggest "Ike" in the whole country. When he began, no rival would dare undertake to cross his path of love. It would have been as useless as to undertake to move the Rocky Mountains on a wheelbarrow and dump them into the Atlantic. He always had many confederates to aid him in his courting. His whole family, down to his ninety-seventh cousin, always had an interest in his love affairs. This is, perhaps, one reason no rival undertakes to intercept him. Then the natural importance of one of his profession made it useless for any one to think of such a thing.

The first girl Philip fell in love with was Aurora Abadia, a daughter of his neighbor, Abiel Abadia. She was a very beautiful young girl of eighteen summers. She was as pretty as any daughter the sun ever shone on. One day Philip dropped her the following few lines:

My Dear Aurora:

I have been thinking for some time of writing you. Your beauty has so charmed me that I shall always be unhappy until I have had an opportunity to be in your company often. Will you allow me the supreme pleasure of calling on you next Sunday morning at 8 o'clock sharp?

Your true loving admirer,

PHILIP MOSER.

The reply:

Dear Mr. Moser:

I shall be pleased to have you call Sunday morning at 8 o'clock. You need not mind about the sharp part. You

may explain that when you come which is sharp, I, yourself, or time of day.

Yours truly,

AURORA ABADIA.

The description of Mr. Moser the reader will remember in Chapter I. When Sunday morning came he dressed up in a black suit, having a long sharp tailed coat, sometimes called a "scissor tail," as it resembles a pair of scissors, being split from the lower end up to the waistband of his pants. He wore a little cocked hat, a large bouquet of red roses in his left coat lapel, a red silk handkerchief in his right side pocket with the corner sticking out about six inches. In this "garb" he mounted a sixteen-year old mule and began to ambulate toward the residence of the Abadias.

He arrived at the appointed time, dismounted, hitched his mule to the yard fence, marched up to the front door and gave three knocks; this brought his adored one to the door. She greeted him with a cheerful smile and conducted him to the parlor. They sat in silence for awhile, each thinking how to begin the conversation. Presently it "popped" into Philip's mind that she had asked him to explain what he meant by saying eight sharp. He said it meant that time "plime blank," not a minute later or earlier. It was also a hint that he would be wearing a scissor-tailed coat which is like scissors, sharp at the end. Since the "ice was broken" they spent an enjoyable day. They, of course, had all

the thrills and joys that young folks have when first in each other's company.

We will now turn to the correspondence between the pedagogue and his lady love. We can only give you the letters written by the girl which may serve as models to some blushing maid who is having her first experience with that two-legged animal they call a beau. We have not the letters written by Moser at hand but the reader can about guess what he had written by the replies he gets. We would like to have them but they are in possession of the girls who received them and they all declared to me that they would hold them until the judgment day while I was raking up the material for this biography. First, we have the letters from Miss Abadia. Here is letter number one, it began thus:

Kind Friend:

This lonesome day, while all alone, will answer your letter which came safe to hand yesterday and sure was a welcome message. I have enjoyed our past correspondence but think I would enjoy correspondence by writting letters. Suppose you will not enjoy reading a letter from me. I enjoy your letters very much. I guess you will not expect an answer as soon as this. I never did think much of "dallying" about ansering letters. Excuse me for sendin that card by hand. That boy cannot read and I knowed it would not be seen by any one but you. I guess I had better close. I will be at church Sunday if nothing happens.

AURORA ABADIA.

Goodbye.

P. S. Excuse bad writing and spelling and take them for love. Anser soon and a long letter. Yore friend.

Letter No. 2.

Mr. Yankum Moser,
Dear Schoolteacher:

I will drop you a few lines to let you know we are all well. Philip come up and stay all night. I would like to see you come up. You have left some of your clothes here. Philip, we are having some of the coldest weather here we nearly ever did have. Philip, Hop and Jack are having a hard time getting their hogs up; they have found some of them. Bell said that Bent had not stood on his head since you left and he hain't set up with that girl nary nuther night, Ha, Ha. Philip, Madie said she would like to see you the best kind and I would like to be going to school if she could. Philip be good at home and better abroad, love your girl and serve the Lard. Love may wither and friendship may die, some may forget you but never will I. Philip I haint seeing much of a good time how are you and your girl getting along courting? So out here. Say, you are having a good time I guess. Say, I will have to close, answer soon and a long letter, your friend,

AURORA A.

Letter No. 3.

Dear Friend:

I to-day will write you a few lines to let you hear from me once more. Philip you are well, how am I? Philip, I got your letter yesterday but it had been broke and I was awful glad to hear from you. Philip, if Hannah is married yet I have not seen or heard anything about it. I haven't seen or heard anything about Findell B——— in a long time. But they say big Sal and Rube have a just about quit. Now Philip I have not seen Jud R——— in a long time. Say Philip I have got me a new sweetheart now. I sent Wells home a few days ago. His name is Ike Dykes. He lives in Coon Hunt Hollow. You bet he is pretty too. Say Philip, you must come and see us before long. I bet you will stay away until I won't know you. I would like to see you best on earth now. You bet your life I will keep that ring until I die. Philip I am in Hiketown now I will have to close very soon for I

have got to go home. Well dear I haint at home now I am on the Dikes at Ran Bucks. I have been there two weeks, but I guess I will go home before long. So dear I had better close for this time. Remember well and don't forget you have a friend in Virginia yet. So remember well and bear in mind a good true friend is hard to find. That's all. Bye bye and a good long letter return to me.

P. S. Philip, papa said to tell you to come and see him. When days are dark and friends are few I hope to spend them all with you.

From your true friend,

AURORA.

Letter No. 4.

I now write you a few lines to let you hear from me, I am well, hope these few lines find you the same. You told me the last time I saw you to write and tell you if anybody got married. If they have I have not heard anything about it. You said you heard that I was going to get married on New Year's day but I never have married yet. Dear, you must come up and see us before long. I heard that you had gotten a month's school. I guess you are seeing a good time now, haint you? I have been seeing a very good time but I would like to see a better time if I could. Dear, I heard you was going to come and get Haner and take her back with you. So dear, I guess I had better close for this time, but not forever I hope. So saying by, by, answer soon to your truely friend,

AURORA A.

Letter No. 5.

Dear Friend:

I to-day will write you a few lines to let you hear from me. Dear, I am well at this time and hope these few lines will find you the same. Dear, I have written you two letters before this and never have got any answer yet. And didn't know whither you had gotten them or not. You told me to write and tell you if anybody got married. If anybody has married yet I haint heard nothing about it. Dear, did you get those letters I wrote you? I started them at Hiketown. Dear, I want you to come and see us before long. I would like to see you the

best on earth. Dear, I wrote one of those letters on the 4th of January and the other on the 10th of March. Dear if you get this letter you must answer at once so I will know if you are dead or alive. Dear, I sent that ring you asked me to send you. So I will close for this time. Answer soon.

Your best friend,

AURORA.

Yankum Moser.

Letter No. 6.

Dear Friend:

I to-day will drop you a few lines to let you hear from me once more. Dear, I am well this time and hope these few lines will find you the same. Dear, I answered the last letter I got from you. I suppose you received it. I started it at Hiketown. Dear, you must come and see us all at once for I would like to see you the best on earth. Dear, I heard that you was teaching school but we never got any school here. Dear if you get this letter you must answer at once. Dear, I will send you one of my pictures and when you answer this letter you must send me one of yours. Dear, I suppose you are not married yet. I thought once I would get married and another notion beat that one. I thought I would wait until I got a chance. The sea may rise and mountains fall, but my love for you will live through it all. So dear, I will have to close. I haint got time to write much now. So answer soon and send me one of your pictures. So by, by—from

AURORA ABADIA.

This is the last of the letters from Miss Abadia. It seems from the tone of the letters that he was not giving her much attention during the last few months of the courtship. We would conclude it was his fault she didn't get him. These letters were written about the time of his troubles mentioned in the first chapter and his heart at that time was set on the assistant teacher and among it all he forgot

the dear little girl who had taught him to court. It appears that his heart was always set on the wrong one. He was just playing with the girl who wrote the above letters. He was in dead earnest about the young school teacher but he might as well have been trying to climb a tree with his feet up first as to have been trying to win the love of this assistant of his. For treating Aurora as he did he deserves to be a bachelor the rest of his days. At the close of this courtship is the time he left his native village and in the course of his travels he met another girl who it seems lived a distance from where he was located. Here we have a few sample letters which show how he broke her heart. She was certainly willing to marry him but he didn't take her. The letters tell the story of her love.

Letter No. 1.

Dear Philip:

It is with much pleasure I try to write to you this beautiful Sabbath morn. I had begun to think you had forgotten me but was glad to know you had not. I wish we were not so far apart. It seems like the time never will come when I can see you. I am sorry that your business is so that you cannot get away. I only wish I was there with you and then you would not have to come. Mamma would not be willing for me to go anywhere alone. I would meet you if it was so I could but you know a girl cannot get out and go like a man. But if you will come up here in the spring you will not have to stay very long, and I will go back with you. Maybe you can get some one to attend to your business that long. If I were to go back with you I would have to leave father and mother, but I think I could do that for you, for I love

you better than any one I ever saw, and I think you could get some one to look after your business long enough to come; if you don't stay very long and I will go back with you, if you want me to. I guess I will have to get after you for what you wrote to me. You ought to have seen me blush when I read it, I will not let anyone read the letter, don't you worry. Of course I know we have missed lots of good times we could have had if we had been together but maybe there are good times for us yet. You asked me if I would care to "hug" a little with a fellow if you should come. I cannot promise you that; but I will promise you this—if you will come I will be your wife and we will not have to part. Now, dear, you must write and tell me when you will come. Don't wait so long about writing for you don't know how glad I am to hear from you. Hope you are well by this time.

Your loving friend.

P. S. Love is the golden chain that binds our sweet hearts together and if we never break the link we will be true friends forever. Write soon and a long letter and tell me when you can come. I remain,

Your loving friend.

Letter No. 2.

Dear Philip:

I will answer your letter I received a few days ago and was glad to hear from you and was glad to know you were well but was sorry you did not write more. I could read a letter from you all day and then not get tired. I wish I was there to go to church with you. I know we would have a good time, but Philip you must try and have a good time and if there is any one that you want to go with, don't let me be in your way. I don't go with anyone now. It is all right to enjoy yourself if you can but I enjoy writing to you more than being with anyone. They don't have any more parties up here. I haven't been to one since last winter. I am like you I don't think there is any harm in young people getting together and having a good time. I do think that people ought to try to live so when they are done with the troubles of this life they can have a better place. I belong to the church at Acadia and

I try to live as near right as I can. Philip I told you in the last letter to write and tell me when you could come out here but you didn't tell me and I would like to know what you are going to do. I am sorry to say that I received your letter with the stamp upside down and you said that meant to write no more, but I thought you were like me—put it on by mistake, and I will not fall out with you for that. I look at your picture and it almost breaks my heart to think that we cannot be together, for I know I could be satisfied with you. I am glad you don't doubt my love for I mean to do just what I told you if you come back; so please tell me in this letter when you are coming for I want to know. Well, I will close for this time as I don't know anything else to write. So you must answer my letter and tell me all the news.

From your loving friend.

Letter No. 3.

Dearest Philip:

It is with the greatest pleasure I try to write you again. I sent you a letter some time ago, but have not received an answer and I thought maybe you didn't get it. Philip I think we ought to write to each other often. I would like to hear from you every week. Wish you were here this fine Easter morning. We are having fine weather now. Everybody is at work. Papa said he saw your ninety-seventh cousin in town last Saturday. I think he will come back here to live and we all hope he will. I have not been at home for three weeks—to town but once this winter. I will go next Saturday. Philip, I hope you will not put off coming much longer. You don't know how glad I would be to see the one I love best and that is you. Philip, I hope you are well, this leaves me well. I guess I will go to the chapel to-night to church. Well as I don't know any news I will close. Now dear you must write soon and tell me all the news. I hope I will get to see you before long. Please tell me when you think you will come for I would like to know. So write soon and a long letter. I remain your true and loving friend.

This is all we will give of the letters. It is enough to show the kind of courting the pedagogue

did. It seems that his greatest failing is in making calls as both girls were all the time urging him to come to see them. After all this no one understands why the honorable Moser is a bachelor when he was all the time seeking a wife. There is something strange about it. We have been working on this biography for thirty-two years and we have not discovered definite reasons why he did not marry some of these beautiful girls he courted.

We need to explain why Philip Moser was only fifty years old in 1900 having been born in 1687. Then our story is finished. One hundred and seventy-four years before Philip was born, there was a man by the name of Ponce de Leon hunting for the fountain of youth which he did not find. Mr. Moser found this fountain at the age of twenty. In this he took a bath which made six years just count one. The fairy in charge of the pool bound him never to tell anyone, if he did all benefits derived would be taken away. So you see, if he tells it he will be dead one hundred years ago. This may be the reason he always quit his sweethearts and never got married. He has been heard to say, "What a woman you love can't get you to tell, if you stay where she is, is not worth thinking about or knowing." Hence we may conclude he prefers to live a bachelor one hundred years longer than to be dead one hundred years ago. This is only a surmise of our own. It may be right or it may be wrong.

CHRISTIAN IDEALS

Christianity is that high ideal of life which was lived in the presence of men nineteen hundred years ago, by that founder of the most perfect religion that man has ever known. Religion has been defined as "the practice of the presence of God" and every sensible being has a religion. A person who does not recognize the presence of God makes no use of his brains. There is nothing in the Christian religion that does not appeal to an intelligent being, it depends on faith and reason, the two great accomplishments of the human mind. When anyone questions the doctrine of Christ I simply turn to "the Old Book" that gives me the story of that doctrine and find nothing that I cannot approve. No Ingersoll, with all his wit, sarcasm and brilliant oratory can turn me from this living religion.

I call it "living religion" because I cannot conceive of it depending on creeds and dogmas; it is the soothing balm to the way-worn traveler on the path of life. Creeds are only guide boards tacked along the path that leads into the great unexplored forest through which every mortal is wandering with the hope of reaching that glorious place of the immortal. We cannot throw away creeds, we must believe something but no true religion can depend on them. If you were traveling along an unknown road and

you came to a sign board pointing the way should you stand and gaze on it and not follow out the directions given, you could never get anywhere. We cannot hang ourselves to a creed and expect a happy life here or beyond. I say leave the creed and act. I wish to quote an illustration as to believing and acting given by one of America's most famous lecturers.

"A husband and wife love each other. The husband is a good fellow and the wife a splendid woman. They live and love each other, and all at once he is taken sick, and they watch day after day and night after night around his bedside until their property is wasted. Finally, she is forced to work, and she works with eyes blinded with tears and the sentinel of love watches at the bedside of her prince, and at the least breath or the least motion she is awake; and, finally, he dies, and she holds him in her arms and covers his wasted face with tears of agony and love. He is a believer and she is not. She buries him and puts flowers above his grave, and she goes there in the twilight of evening and takes her children, and tells her little boys and girls through her tears how brave and how true and tender their father was, and, finally, she dies and goes to hell, because she was not a believer; and he goes to the battlements of Heaven and looks over and sees the woman who loved with all the wealth of her love, and whose tears made his dead face holy

and sacred, and looks upon her in the agonies of hell and his happiness is not diminished in the least. With all due respect to everybody, I say, depart from me with any such infernal doctrine as that."

Whenever I see a manifestation of love and devotion, whether it be that of husband and wife, or a mother for her child or man for his fellow comrades, I call it the practice of the presence of God for the Book that tells me of my religion says in plain words, "God is love."

Henry Drummond has given a lecture on love and names it the greatest thing in the world. "Summonum Bonum." It is the greatest good; every beautiful and noble action of the human soul is prompted by it. Paul says in his letter to the Corinthians: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling symbol. And now abideth faith, hope and love, these three, but the greatest of these is love." The spectrum of love has nine ingredients: patience, kindness, generosity, humility, courtesy, unselfishness, good temper, guilelessness and sincerity. These are all in relation to life the known to-day and the near to-morrow. We hear of much love to God; Christ spoke of much love to man. "Religion is not a strange or added thing but the inspiration of the secular life, the breathing of an eternal spirit through this temporal world."

In the life of Christ is included all these great qualities; in the common everyday life some imitations of these may be seen. The doctor who goes to the bedside of the sick and brings life instead of death is walking in the way, for Christ was the great physician; the preacher who leads his flock and helps them in their daily needs, for Christ was the great minister; the teacher who brings his pupils into knowledge and power, for Christ was the greatest of teachers; the humble workman who goes about his daily toil and adds to the world's comforts, for Christ followed the humble trade of a carpenter; the farmer who goes out in the fresh air and sunshine and produces the food that sustains life, for Christ by His power fed the multitudes; all of these prompted by the spirit of love are doing the work of Christ, for His precepts are easily applicable and must be a part of all daily living.

So much for the example and application of religion to everyday life; may I turn to the individual's experience as he travels down the rugged pathway. In every life there must be a shadow. It is just and right that we should have an ideal of perfection that is never reached. I am glad that this is true. I glory in the fact that I have committed sin enough to have sympathy; the sternness of perfection I do not want. I believe there is good enough in every one to make his goodness overbalance his badness and that must be the rule of life.

We must not go about condemning each other, I have no right to condemn some one for a misdeed when likely as not I have done the same thing myself. I am a great admirer of Robert Burns. He had high religious ideals though he failed in reaching them and faced the condemnation of the people of his time. After his death, they erected a monument to his memory and his mother said, "Bobbie, you asked them for bread and they gave you a stone." We do not even know the names of those that condemned the plowman poet but his name will live as long as the language in which he wrote. He had that one great quality of sympathizing with all those about him. This element alone constitutes a work far superior to the man who has many other virtues and lacks this one. The following little verse from Burns is full of meaning:

Then gently scan your fellow man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may go a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human.
One point must be greatly dark,
The moving WHY they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.

That moving WHY they do it, could we understand every human soul, we could be the judge but Christ says, "Judge not." If we feel there are others not as good as we are it is our business to make them as good. This is Christ's way of doing

it. Here is another poem that expresses the thought better than I can.

"If we knew the cares and crosses crowding round our neighbor's way;
If we knew the little losses sorely grievious day by day,
Would we so often chide him for lack of thrift and gain,
Casting o'er his life a shadow, leaving on his heart a stain.
If we knew the silent story quivering through a heart of pain,
Would we dare doom them back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing, joy hath many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear washed seem whitest this the blessed angels know.
Let us reach into our bosom for the key to other lives,
And with love for erring nature, cherish the good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits soar to realms of light again,
We may say, dear Father, judge us as we judged our fellowmen."

In this "living religion" there is no condemning others, neither does it countenance selfishness. There is a simple little fairy story by Ruskin, "The King of the Golden River," which illustrates the idea of unselfishness and helpfulness to others. It is the story of three brothers who try to gain the Golden River and Treasure Valley by carrying three drops of holy water across the rugged mountains to the source of the Golden River. Two of them fail and are turned into black stones because they refused the holy water to the fainting creatures along the way. The third one gained Treasure Valley because he

helped those along the way, though he met with many trials and difficulties.

This is the story as we travel along the channel of life, though we often get under the shadows, if we throw out the light of hope to those about us and plant flowers instead of thorns in their way, we will surmount the mountains of difficulties to the strand of the Golden River into Treasure Valley where God shall wipe all tears away. We all have our religion, help for the living and hope for the dead.

HUMANITY'S CORNERSTONE

In the intricate fabric of human life the great cornerstone is the home, upon this foundation humanity stands. No young woman can have a higher ambition than to be the queen of a happy home. God has not given her a higher mission, there is no goal beyond it.

Home does not mean in a real sense a pile of brick and mortar where the family dwells, though it may be gilded with all the finery that art and money can produce. The wealth of a home is not always in a palace. I know a business man whose business led him into some of the most palatial homes in one of our largest cities. He had an opportunity to observe conditions. It is a sad fact that he found few women in these homes happy, nevertheless, they had servants to go at every call and everything about them that money could buy. To them home was only a mockery, for faithless husbands were the rule. Such as this is not home nor happiness. It takes more than money to make a home.

I can imagine a little cottage out on the suburban street of the same city, surrounded by a well kept lawn, dotted with clumps of blooming roses that shed their fragrance to the breeze. There is nothing

costly but everything is beautiful and in harmony. Every thought about this home is as pure as the sweets the bees sip from the waving flowers that surround it. Here love is monarch, a smiling wife meets, at evening, a true and loving husband and cheers him until he forgets his day's toil. There are no costly furnishings, no servants to obey every summons but happiness reigns supreme and a real home exists. Wealth does not keep real homes from being made but love must be king.

Margaret E. Sangster, in her beautiful book, "The Art of Homemaking," says "of all the forces in the world, love is the strongest and the true love of man for woman and woman for man, abiding, constant and faithful, is the most enduring thing in life." The poet puts it in a more beautiful way:

"O happy love (where love like this is found),
O heartfelt rapture (bliss beyond compare),
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spares,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In each other's arms breathe out the tender tale
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
ev'ning gale."

This love, the end of which is making blessed homes, is eternal, holy and sacred, and is so ordained by the Creator himself. The Scripture reads: "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and

shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh." "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Those of you who make it a subject of joke and jest only show your contemptible ignorance.

The love of a good true woman is the most gracious gift that God has given to man. Shame on him who regards it lightly. I would rather win the love of a sweet, faithful woman than to have been Napoleon, at the wield of whose sword empires moved. He thrust from his heart by the cruel hand of ambition the only woman who ever loved him and died a lonely death on the rocks of St. Helena. I would rather have had an humble home in that continent that he covered with blood and tears and have died in the fond caress of her who had lived and loved me than to have been the monarch of the world. It is a blessed thing to be happy and make others so, that is what the home builders do. But that imperial impersonation of force and murder did nothing but assassinate happiness at his country's hearthstones. If we are worthy of a home the world's success cannot be denied us.

Show me a country filled with real homes and I will show you prosperity. As long as a nation keeps its homes intact it can never fall. All men who do the world's work hold nothing above HOME. Old Scotland has given the world more

men that it can be proud of than any other country. It is the land of the "Cotter's Saturday Night." A nation that has such homes must be great.

> From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
> That makes her loved at home, rever'd abroad;
> Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
> An honest man is the noblest work of God.

Without the thoughts of love and home all literature would be dead. It is the poet's theme, the center of the novelist's plot by which he holds our attention. Without the home we could have no Lincoln to say, "All I am or hope to be I owe to my angel mother." The wheels of industry would move at a slower pace for the man who works with the greatest zeal is he who toils for the support of home. Government would be a failure for in the home we learn its first principles. There would be no soldier to defend the helpless for he who fights for home and native land no foeman can conquer. Religion and virtue would fall for in the home our highest ideals of life are shaped. Without home all would be chaos. Home is the cornerstone upon which rests all our hopes and fears. Then let us forever preserve that high ideal of a happy home.

"Home, Sweet Home"—No song has thrilled the hearts of humanity more. The dust of its author may rest beneath the modest monument at Washington City but John Howard Payne has lived down through the years and may the spirit of his song

live as long as God permits the life of man upon this earth.

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollections present them to view."

In the hills of my native state there is a little cottage. A place I called home. There centers all of my dearest memories. I would that my life had been so ordered that it would not have caused a single tear of sorrow in that home of my memory. My most cherished aspiration is that some day I shall find a sweet and tender woman of whom I can make myself worthy and who will love and trust me. My highest aims are to bring to her a clean soul and that nothing but joy may travel with us down the lane of life in the home of my dreams.

When I have finished my journey, my evening sun is setting and the shadows begin to fall may my last feeble glance be on the face of her who loves and trusts; in that sanctuary of happiness that we all cherish. May the last note of music that comes to my ears be that melodious strain, "Home, Sweet Home."

GETTING ON IN LIFE

Brother, art thou poor and lowly,
Toiling, trudging, day by day,
Journeying painfully and slowly
On the dark and desert way?
Pause not tho' the proud ones frown
Shirk not, fear not, live them down.

Tho' to vice thou shalt not pander,
Tho' to virtue thou shalt kneel,
Yet thou shalt escape not slander;
Jibe and lie thy soul must feel;
Jest of witling, curse of clown,
Heed not either, live them down.

Hate may wield her scourger horrid;
Malice may thy woes deride;
Scorn may bind with thorns thy forehead;
Envy's spear may pierce thy side!
Lo! through the cross shall come the crown;
Fear no foeman, live them down.

To get on in life is what most of us want to do. In the above poem the road is pretty well laid out, for we have to often live many things down.

We meet envy, spite and malice on every hand. Too many of us are afraid and let it sweep us down. These are the things that hinder us from the outside. We have vices within our own souls that cause many stumbles on our journey which give the envious a chance for work. To boast of not having these wild desires is not character building but to control them is. Character building is getting on in life.

Abraham Lincoln once said when offered a drink of whiskey: "He who boasts of many virtues has many vices." A person who boasts of no sin is either a fool or a liar. The sensible and true person is he who acknowledges his failures and determines to make the good in him overbalance the bad.

We might notice a few things that drag people down in life, hence they do not reach the goal. Seeking after popularity, to be noticed and rated above somebody else, has made many wrecks along the line. So many people, in order to be popular, instead of developing like the trunk of the oak, strong, staunch, yielding to no storm; are like the twigs on its branches, they bend and swerve to every breeze that chances to rise. This thing is very obvious in school life. Some think if they have won honors in school, they have won the battle. There is something that makes a man besides a college education, though it is one of the most valuable assets. By working for popularity as the only object some people wear more laurels than are their due. Some of these popularity seekers win out for awhile but in the end they are destined for failure.

I knew of one particular case in my own college of a young man who won next to the highest honors in an oratorical contest. The audience and the judges thought he was interested in his subject from his soul but the fact was he was nothing but

a 2 x 4 plagiarist. I presume a pair of quotation marks would have scared him half to death. His entire oration almost *verbatim* may be found in a magazine article published a year or two before he made his speech. That fellow has the people fooled, he won honors in school he did not deserve. He wanted to be "it" and his vanity was satisfied in school but when he gets out in the world, up against the real thing, with such an attitude, in my opinion, he is more liable to sink than to swim. He thinks he is a leader by putting on airs and assuming superiority over others. He can succeed among weak minded folks, too ignorant to think for themselves; they may follow his standard like a drove of sheep but the world is not wholly made up of such people. Some are able to distinguish between a highly developed soul and intellect and a vain, educated fool.

One might think an educated fool a paradox but the colleges are turning them out by the score. What kind of an animal is he? He may know a great deal about text-books. Perhaps he is able to solve all the problems of mathematics, knows all the laws of natural science and can speak a dozen languages; still be one of these vain, foolish animals. As long as a person knows a great deal and never finds it out he is all right but when he feels more knowledge than any one else can see, then he becomes an educated fool.

Sir Isaac Newton, the most profound scholar the world has ever known, spoke the attitude of a real learned man when he said, "I feel like a little wanton boy wandering on the seashore while the great ocean of truth lies unexplored before me." Men who come out from college with that sort of an attitude will "get on in life." Those who have the knowledge combined with a highly developed soul.

The colleges are being highly criticized for their failure to turn out men well equipped for life. The trouble is so many "know-it-alls" get out and refuse to learn anything, thinking any kind of honest work beneath them; instead of being willing to work up, they consider themselves worthy of the highest place right in the start. That is why the percentage of failures among college graduates is about as high as the successes. Here we do not want to depreciate the value of an education for it is one of the most valuable assets in life but we must get it in the right way and use it to develop a bigger soul than when we started.

College men are expected to be the leaders. What kind of leadership is expected? Is it one of arrogance and selfishness? I would say "no," but that kind that Ruskin would include in his idea of education—"Education is the acquiring of power which shall be used in blessing and redeeming society; in converting the desert places of human

life into gardens of fragrant beauty." The Leader of Leaders, the greatest one the world has ever known, was of this kind. Though He was meek and lowly, His great principles will never die. May we all be successful in our attempts to follow His precepts, then we may be worthy of being called a leader.

Let us not consider whether we are going to be leaders or not but be in love with our work. We must have our whole soul interest in our vocation and not follow it because we have to do something to make money.

Misfits are more causes of failures than any other thing. All of us are fitted for something. The thing we must do is to find the place God has made for us in His great plan of the universe. The man who tries to be a doctor when he ought to be a salesman, the man who tries to be a preacher when he ought to be a farmer, the man who tries to be a lawyer when he ought to be a peddler, the man who tries to be a farmer when he ought to be a merchant; all of these are failures, not because they are not good for anything, but because they tried to put themselves in the wrong thing. In choosing a vocation think of the work your whole soul is interested in and not the money end of it and you are less likely to be a misfit, you will get on in life.

Seek not money, glory or power but give your best service to the world and you will receive back

your due proportion of all. Abraham Lincoln sought none of these but he had all a great nation could bestow. His whole secret is expressed in these words, "with malice toward none and charity for all." Let this be our attitude and we can say with Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await, alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

A STUDENT SHOULD WORK FOR DEVELOPMENT, NOT MARKS

I wish to present to you a subject which should be of the highest concern to all students. It is an answer to the question; why attend school? All will agree with me when I say to raise our efficiency in order that we may become worthy of a citizenship in society of which we are a fractional part. My idea is nothing more nor less than a high class mark should not be a student's only ideal, though it is an aim not to be depreciated, but development is the highest ambition any student can have.

You ask me what is meant by development; I shall let Ruskin give you the answer in these words: "He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace." Too many people enter high school and go on through college but miss this high ideal, sacrificing everything to get an honor passing mark when they scorn honor to get it.

Some students go through their entire school life using every unfair means possible to get a high passing mark then think they are getting an education. This is a mistaken idea; they are only getting cunning in cheating and making some people believe

they are being educated. Education cannot be defined in such terms as these. People must try to combine good marks with this idea Ruskin gives us, but these marks must be obtained in a different way from the way some people get them. Do not forget everything else and think of marks alone. If you do you will make yourself narrow and selfish. It is astounding how some students get this mark-getting craze. They will cheat themselves by peeping into a book in order to make a recitation; copy other people's work and do all kinds of cheating. This is the wrong kind of education. I heard a lecture some time ago which had some fine thoughts along this line. The idea in this lecture was that we are not made criminals or go off in the wrong direction all at once but by doing little things that lead us off by degrees. That is just the way a person is drifting who gets the mark idea.

He gets the "it" feeling, thinking himself better and smarter than those around him. He may make this go in school life but when he gets out into real living he will find the "big head" is out of fashion. He will realize that a few varsity marks do not brand him a sage or power in the world. Here is the true purpose of education, it must be your aim if you get anywhere. "It is the acquiring of power which shall be used in blessing and redeeming society; in converting the desert places of human life into gardens of fragrant beauty." Make

this your aim and take a C rather than a stolen A. Take it for granted there are plenty of people in the world just as good and smart as you are. Then there will be peace for yourself and the respect of others will be yours.

We must not allow ourselves to get a ten-cent soul and a hundred-dollar intellect. A great and powerful intellect is grand and to be admired but without a great and generous soul that is ready to lend a helping hand to all humanity it will be dwarfed into insignificance. I had this helping hand idea brought to me once by two pictures. If I were going to interpret the artist's conception I would interpret one as representing a person who works for marks and the other for development. I was walking on the streets of Chicago when I saw these two pictures side by side in an art store. They are very similar, representing the ocean, the waves dashing high against a large rock on top of which is a cross with a female figure clinging to it. One has the arms locked around the cross, below are the words "Simply to the cross I cling," the other one has only one arm engaged and has an extended hand out over the restless wave as if to help some soul who may be tossed upon it. I need not ask which you admire most but which are you going to work for? Marks of selfishness or that broader development which offers a helping hand and places a flower in the grasp of the great mass of seasick humanity.

You have all had the experience of doing some little act to help some one and have seen that smile of appreciation. How good you felt! As you walked the streets the rustle of the breeze in the leaves above you seemed as if Apollo and Pan were having their musical contest there; the warble of the birds sounded like the strains of melodious music; the sparkle of the sunshine reflected beauty indescribable, every face you met had the reflection of joy, this is the voice of God speaking to you through the medium of nature because you are getting near Him. The more experience you have like this the higher you are getting in the scale of human existence.

May we disdain all selfish aims and get that spirit which makes the world all laughter and joy. "Strike with hand of fire, oh, weird musician, thy harp, strung with Apollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisle with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch the sky with moonlit waves; but know your sweetest strains are discords all, compared with instilling laughter into a human soul, the laugh that fills the eye with light and every heart with pleasure; oh, rippling river of life, thou art the blessed boundary line between beast and man and every wave of thine doth drown some fiend of care; oh, laughter, divine daughter of joy,

make dimples enough in the cheeks of the world to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief."

Sow love and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace and reap its harvest bright;
Scatter sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light.

ROBERT E. LEE

(A EULOGY)

It is not usual to honor the leader of a cause that fails, and yet the calm, quiet, dignified soldier who led the army to defeat and surrender, who rode away from Appomattox a prisoner of war on parole, was cheered by Federal soldiers as he rode into Richmond, who was the idol of his army and his people, has ridden into history the tallest, whitest chieftian of them all.

Robert Edward Lee was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, January 19th, 1807. As a boy he was kind and obedient and of a naturally religious bent of mind. As a boy he laid the foundation for the great character he developed. He entered the West Point Military Academy, where he took rank as one of the ablest of all the cadets. His great ability was shown by the fact that in a class noted for its brilliancy he graduated second. After graduating he at once entered the service of his country. It may be said that he won laurels from every opportunity opened to him.

The great success of our army in the war with Mexico was in a large measure due to his skill, valor and undaunted courage. General Scott said of him, "He is the best soldier I ever saw in the field, the greatest military genius in America. If

the opportunity offered Lee would show himself the foremost captain of his time." When the great crisis of his life did come in 1861 he was offered the supreme command of the armies of the United States and urged by General Scott to accept and not throw away the great opportunity of his life. Since his native state had cast her lot with the Confederacy he did not hesitate to say, "Were the four million slaves of the South mine I would free them with one stroke of the pen, but I cannot take up arms against my state, my home and my children." General Scott very much regretted the step his most valuable officer had taken, he never failed to say he believed it was taken from an imperative sense of duty. General Scott knew if Lee were placed at the head of the armies of the South he would have in Lee a foeman in every way worthy of his former chief and one who would conduct the war on the highest principles of civilized warfare, nor was he disappointed in his expectations, which were proven when he was invading the enemy's territory. He was urged when on his march toward Gettysburg to resort to extreme measures. His answer was, "No, if I allow this I cannot invoke the blessings of God on my arms. No burning homesteads lighted his line of march, no innocent women and children were left with nothing but the blue sky for shelter by our army under this noble Christian general.

For four years General Lee led his army for the cause that was lost and might have been wrong but General Lee conscientiously believed he was fighting for the rights of his people. When the day of defeat came and the men in gray laid low their arms and with tear stained cheeks bade their beloved chieftian farewell, the splendor of whose character shone out as conspicuously in defeat as in victory. He calmly bade them beat their swords into plowshares, to submit to the laws of the country as the decision of arms had decreed that we have one country and one flag for all.

His thoughts were now to heal the great wounds the war had inflicted. The four years of battle and the tramp of armies had crushed the wealth, the prosperity and happiness of his beloved South, and the fair plains of the sunny clime had become a land of desolation. Though the soil was enriched by the blood of her heroes (the only way in which they could aid in restoring the fields of golden grain which they had left four years before), the heroes who survived did not fold their arms and silently mourn for their fallen brethren, but set to work to restore the prosperity that had been crushed by the cruel heel of war.

No one during these trying times showed a more noble spirit than Robert E. Lee. He had many flattering offers made to him which would have brought him great wealth, but he refused them all

and accepted the presidency of a college. This was a position in which he could be of greatest service to his country where opportunities offered for the influencing of young men who were to be the makers of the New South. The whole purpose of Lee's life was to do all the good he could. He sought his duty to his fellow man, he had not a single selfish motive in any of the acts of his life. This is true of all great and noble characters.

For five years he followed his chosen vocation and saw the withered fields of the sunny South he loved reviving like a crushed flower bed after a summer shower. But the summons came much too soon for him to appear before that tribunal to which we must all be called. He found no account to settle there. He was consoled with the knowledge that the religion of Jesus Christ had ordered all his ways. He had a right to believe that when God passed judgment upon his life, though He would find him an erring human being, He would find religious faith enough that the verdict could not be any other than, "well done, thou good and faithful servant."

General Lee's dust may rest beneath the grass covered mound at Lexington, but he is not there, he cannot die. As long as there are noble Christian ideals, the character of Lee will stand out as a symbol. Valentine's marble figure of him which decks his grave at Lexington is said to be one of the finest works of art on the continent, which is a very

beautiful harmonization of things for it stands above the ashes of one of the noblest men who ever lived on the continent. Many other monuments have been erected to his memory throughout the Southland. All these may moulder and lose their luster but as long as the eternal stars shine and man inhabits this terrestrial sphere, the character of Lee will ever stand out as a beacon light to those who are looking for an example of noble Christian manhood.

Some have attempted to disparage the name of Lee, because they differ with his political views, but such persons that try to besmirch the character of those who have different opinions from themselves and refuse to recognize the true worth of an opponent are nothing but mere parasites of humanity, not worthy of notice. They will be forgotten when the name of Lee will be resplendent with immortal glory.

WINNING THE RACE

Most everyone is familiar with the myths of the ancient world. There are many beautiful and illustrative stories of humanity's struggles. I shall repeat one of them as a basis for this essay.

Atalanta was a beautiful and charming young maiden. Every man who saw her became fascinated with her dazzling charms. The fates had decreed that this young woman should never marry as it would be the ruination of her happiness. She was very swift of foot and she had such confidence in her ability to win over any one who would compete with her in a race that she proposed to three young men that if any of them could beat her in the contest that she would be the wife of the winner. All who failed were to be slain. This was a great risk but the young men were so overpowered with her beauty that all three entered the contest but came out in defeat and took the penalty as was agreed upon.

There was another young man who was the judge in the contest and he, at first, thought the others foolish for taking such a chance. He became enraptured with the lovely young girl and challenged her for a race. She looked on him with favor and almost hoped that he would win out. This young

man's name was Hippomeues. Before he made the venture he appealed to the goddess, Venus. She took from her beautiful garden three golden apples and instructed the youth how to use them. The people began to clamor for the race to begin. Everything was ready and off the contestants sped like the wind. Hippomeues was getting tired and out of breath yet the goal was far ahead. He dropped one of the golden apples, this attracted the attention of his opponent and he dashed ahead. Still the race went on; a second apple was rolled out on the ground which gave the young man another advantage. Finally, they came near the end; the goal was in sight when the third apple was cast out. Hippomeues dashed ahead and won the young woman for his wife.

This is an analogy of life. We are all in a race, for what? Success. Then I shall name Atalanta success and the first three men are the large number of young men who fail in life. Hippomeues will represent the successful. This young man began with the first essential of success by appealing to a higher power than his own. Any one who has no reverence for a Higher Power (God) is doomed to failure. The second thing is preparation; he must secure the three golden apples. All of these are within our reach; they do not have to be brought to us by a Venus. We can go into the gardens and pluck them for ourselves. The gardens

we are wandering in is life. If we fail to find the three essentials to win the race it is our own fault. The first one of this golden fruit grows over in the corner where all the efforts of our interested friends are put forth and inspiration from association with good people. If we make the most of these we have gotten hold of one of the golden apples that helps us to keep pace with the coveted maiden. The other two are found in the school of life. The race is to learn to abide by the principles of the Golden Rule. If we have not learned to treat others as we would have others treat us we cannot reach the goal and win the prize. The third one is the most important one of all which is the developing of a fraternal spirit. Fraternity! It's the biggest word in the English language. The only reason I have any respect for Latin at all is because it has the word "frater" from which this big word comes.

Fraternity stands for everything that means the uplift of mankind. I stood in one of the large cities of Ohio last summer and heard a speaker addressing the state gathering of that great order, the Knights of Pythias. In the course of his remarks he mentioned the different aristocracies that had sprung up in America; aristocracy of wealth, a social aristocracy and others but the keynote to his speech was in these words, "The hour has struck for an aristocracy of service." He said that he was a

minister of the Gospel and that the ministry had always advocated the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man but they had put too much emphasis on the fatherhood of God.

Both of these principles are absolutely necessary to uphold civilization but fraternity, the spirit of service to our fellows, has accomplished more than anything else can. It is the chief thing that has been behind all the movements that have lifted mankind from the state of barbarism into the line of progress of higher civilization. It is the spirit that has moved all the great inventors to toil and deny themselves the comforts of life in order that mankind might enjoy the fruits of their labor. It is this spirit that has been behind all the great movements for the relief of the suffering of humanity. In the field of medicine it gave us means by which surgical operations could be performed without danger or pain. It was for the good of others that a young doctor gave up his life that yellow fever might be stamped out. It was this spirit that organized the great Red Cross Society to follow the cruel heel of war to bring comforts and life to the suffering instead of misery and death. It was his faith in the brotherhood of man that moved the great emancipator to declare that man should not enslave his fellows and by this act made America really and truly the "land of the free and the home

of the brave." The records of the past show no evidence that selfishness has had any part in the world's progress.

I do not know what garments of glory may be woven for the world in the loom of the years but I do know that selfishness will be no part of the warp and woof.

THE CONWAY CABAL

The Conway Cabal is one of the most disgraceful episodes in American history. A writer of American history must blush with shame when he finds that he must record such things. It shows the work of spite, envy and selfishness on the part of the perpetrators of the infernal scheme. On the other hand it shows the greatness in the character of Washington, as well as his altruistic principle; the principle on which all men who have amounted to anything stand.

The principal actors in this dirty work were General Gates, who was not new at such work, Thomas Miffin, the Quartermaster General, James Lovell and Thomas Conway, an Irishman, from whom the scheme took its name. We presume this is where the slang phrase, "A dirty Irish trick," got its name.

At one time it was thought that even Samuel Adams was in sympathy with the movement. At this time there was a breach in the friendship of Adams and Hancock which was never restored. Hancock was vain and somewhat selfish and desired for himself the place of Washington. In view of this fact we have not much right to say Samuel Adams gave any encouragement to the plan for the removal of Washington. Sometimes men like Adams would lose their patience and say things a

little unpleasant about the management of affairs but such men never stoop to such dirty tricks as Gates was hatching up.

Sometimes a clique such as this run their schemes over pretty decent people as this low down scheme seemed to "fly high" for awhile. The first effects of this work was seen in Congress in November, 1777, when Gates was made President of the Board of War, Miffin a member of the Board, and Conway Inspector-General of the Army. This looks as if Congress was about to turn against Washington. He saw it himself and advised Congress that he would be compelled to resign if they persisted in throwing obstacles in his way. They thought that they were going to make Washington's place too hard for him and get him out and some of their crowd in. They began to circulate lies and send anonymous letters. This is always the means vain and envious sneaks use in trying to promote themselves and down others. In this plot it is easy to see that it is the work of envy against the great and noble character of Washington. He had not done any of the plotters any harm and had given each his dues but they were of such a low type of humanity they hated to see any one esteemed more than themselves by the people.

Some of their work began to come to the ears of Washington. Gates happened to show one of his letters to his confidant and aid-de-camp, Wilkinson.

This man was sent to York with the dispatches of Burgoyne's surrender and he fell in with some of Lord Stirling's staff who let the "cat out of the bag." One day while he was intoxicated in the camp he disclosed enough until Washington got hold of the plot and quickly informed Conway of what he knew.

This was a bomb in the camp of the rascals and one time a drunk resulted in good. Gates tried to make himself innocent and involve all the others and appear as a saint. Even his friend, Wilkinson, was turned on but the schemer had over-reached himself. With all of his lying and tricking he found himself caught in his own trap and involved in a duel with Wilkinson. This duel was avoided just at the moment that they were about to begin shooting at each other. Gates asked for and obtained an interview with his opponent in which he made so many apologies and denials that Wilkinson gave up the duel. He resigned his position on the Board of War.

At this point the tide began to turn. These revelations strengthened Washington in proportion as they showed the malice and duplicity of his enemies. They tried one more scheme by publishing a pamphlet purporting to have been written by Washington showing him the traitor to the American cause. This was a miserable failure as all the rest of the infernal work. The only effect

of this pamphlet was to strengthen Washington still more while throwing further discredit on the Cabal.

Congress began to see the real character of Gates and he found himself in the same place he had hoped to place Washington. Such work may seem to prosper for awhile but in the end it must come down. It cannot combat true worth and character. Conway became indignant with Congress over some fancied slight and sent a conditioned threat of resignation, which, to his unspeakable amazement, was accepted unconditionally. All the rest of the plotters lowered and humiliated themselves. The great and noble soul of Washington moved on. He was not filled with malice, envy and self promotion. He had the welfare of his countrymen at heart which is one of the qualities all great men have. That is why Washington stands on a par with any great character recorded on the pages of history. Had he resorted to the same plan of combating the Cabal that they used against him he would have lowered himself and have ruined the whole army. The American Revolution might have been lost.

Had Lord George Germain known the workings of the Conway Cabal, his hope of the wearing out of the American cause would have been greatly strengthened. There really was more danger in such intrigues than in an exhausted treasury, half starved army, and defeat on the field.

We, as American citizens, should get more than the simple facts out of this. We should get a real lesson from it and learn to hate and despise any such scheming. We should understand that such methods may succeed for awhile but will eventually fail. Let us admire the great principles followed by Washington and realize that they triumphed in this case as they always will.

Parallel cases may be seen to-day and government circles are not void of them. We may have to face them wherever we go. Then let this example in American history be a warning to us.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR'S CITIZENSHIP

The country editor may not be an accumulator of wealth but he can fill a far more worthy place in his community than the seeking of filthy lucre. No other man has such a chance as the editor for getting a grip on public sentiment. He who controls public sentiment is king. This is accomplished not by ruling people but by teaching and leading them.

It is every citizen's duty to give his community and state the best things he can for the uplift of his fellows. The editor's opportunities are far superior to men of other professions. His field is not a narrow one for he can enter into all the activities of the community. In politics he has a power, also in the church, and all the social activities; from no part of the field of community work is he barred. Then let him survey his work and get into the harness and see that humanity is better off by his being a member of its family.

Owing to the many avenues for service that are open to the editor his duties are in proportion. Then he must make his work so that it will be of the greatest service to his country. In religious lines he can do almost as much as the minister to move along the work of the church; because he is able to

reach people that the preacher cannot. He need not be direct but he can make the sentiments expressed in his paper such that his readers will be made to have a loyal respect for religion without realizing how they came to such opinions. Here is a great opportunity and a duty of the editor for making the world better.

In the field of politics is where most editors wield their influence for good or bad. This is, perhaps, the greatest place for righteous influence. Here an editor should stand for clean work and fight corruption wherever he finds it. He will find much of it, then it is his duty to his state to see that the field is cleared of rubbish in order that the taxpayer may get value received for the money he pays for the administration of government. If an editor in his lifetime can leave a heritage of pure politics to his community his work will not have been vanity. In this modern age of mad rush for money, regardless of principle, we need men more than ever before who stand for justice and honor above everything else. The editors of our newspapers for the coming generation will be able to control public sentiment in such a way that it will be determined whether our nation shall go on grand and glorious or fall from its internal rottenness as did the ancient empire of Rome. Then let them see their duty and go into the fight to win for righteousness.

The editor is not narrowed down to the two

above mentioned community interests but every social movement his state or community may feel is his opportunity to stand for the right. Among these are moral purity, justice for the working classes, and the manipulations of wealth. If the editor stands by his post and fights for a square deal and justice for all; the influence of no one will be felt farther for the glory of the state and the advancement of mankind.

SUICIDE, THE PRUNING KNIFE OF CIVILIZATION

In everything but the human race, all that is not sound or is of such a nature as to injure the parts about it is pruned out and cast away. Surely among the works of the Creator which human life is rightly employed in perfecting and beautifying, the first in importance is man himself. The best way for this to be done is to convince the worthless and vicious that humanity is better off without them. Let's urge them to apply the "pruning knife" in order that the sea of life may not be contaminated by their existence.

If we wish to produce the best of fruit, what do we do? We go to the orchard and take away every limb that shows decay and we want everything that is left to be the best. It is the same in everything if we expect the best. Every farmer and stock raiser knows he must use the most perfect and best of his herd and keep the diseased and scrubs away if he gets the best results; otherwise his herd will degenerate and become worthless. The human race which should be the most perfect is mixed with the weak and defective more than any other of God's creation. Many remedies have been offered, none have worked well. Perhaps it is harder to get humanity to apply things for its own good. The

greatest danger lies in the existence of degenerates who feel that they have as good right as the perfect to stay in life. If these people would realize that their lives are worth nothing to themselves and a menace to society and apply the pruning knife, it would be the greatest blessing that ever came to humanity.

There are people living so vile and loathsome that if they were cattle, the health authorities would order them killed and have their carcasses buried away out of reach of the buzzards. So much for the fact that we have a way of making perfect the lower order of animals although in relation to our fellowman we are commanded: "Thou shalt not kill." This does not apply in the case of one's self. So let the degenerate take himself out of the way and feel that he is doing an act for the greatest benefit of his fellowman and best for himself.

It is much better when a man is so fast in the mire of sin that he cannot get out, that he should be taken out of the way than to live and produce a generation of vipers. The sins of the parents are visited on the fourth and fifth generations. Christ says that every tree that bringeth forth not good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire.

I do not claim that a man who has to face obstacles or has committed a few errors should be so cowardly as to destroy himself. The great mass of humanity should not be defiled by the low

villians who cannot or will not do anything but hover around the cesspools of vice. They are producing more like themselves and this vileness and rottenness gets out where it should not be. So let us strike the root of it and let the generators of it move out of the way. These are constantly drawing others to such places. Christ speaks of such people thus: "It were better that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck and he were drowned in the depths of the sea." These degenerates must destroy themselves or they will destroy the race. This has been true of the great civilizations of the past. Learned Greece and mighty Rome fell not because of an outside foe but because of the vileness of their own citizens. The same thing is gnawing at the vitals of our own country. Let us persuade the unworthy if they cannot do something for themselves to save humanity from a mighty fall.

The Bible shows that if we do not cleanse ourselves that God must do it. He brought the flood upon the earth because the wicked had so contaminated the righteous that the worthy ones were so few the world could not go on. This is also shown by the ancient cities of the plains, Sodom and Gomorrah, which brought down the wrath of Heaven. God teaches and demands that the race must be pure or it cannot exist; then let it keep itself so that the hand of Providence will not be brought against it.

ENVY

Envy is the greatest foe to righteous conduct. It is the murderer's first passion and the slanderer's beginning. The murderer first envys and then kills; the slanderer envies, then does something to injure the envied one's reputation. Envy has been in the human heart ever since the beginning of the race. The first murder was the result of envy, when Cain slew Abel. The world was too small for two brothers when one was envied. We have many examples set forth in the Bible of envy and its results. The most striking one is that of Saul's envy of David. The young shepherd boy had never done the king a single wrong but Saul did everything in his power to destroy him, and for no other reason than that David was a better man and was growing more popular among the people than himself. David was not an envious man, and is regarded as one of the greatest of the Israelite kings. If Saul, instead of envying him had acknowledged and rejoiced in his greatest successes, he would have been held in everlasting honor by all Bible students. Envy cannot thrive in the heart of one who is willing to acknowledge good in others. Rejoice in the success of those with whom you associate. Earnestly desire the good opinion of others.

Be interested in the helping and uplifting of mankind instead of tearing down and making things unpleasant for everybody. When one finds himself the object of envy he finds himself in the place of hard trials; but it is possible to extricate ourselves from vicious attacks that come upon us by righteous living. Of course, it is harder to do right and be good when under suspicion, but a brave soul can do it, and be better for the adverse circumstances. Shakespeare tells us that though "We may be as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, we cannot escape calumny." Mutius, a citizen of Rome, was so envious that when Publius saw him looking very sad he said, "Either some great evil has happened to Mutius or some great good to another." Dionysius, Plutarch tells us, was so envious that he punished Philoxemius because he was a better singer, and Plato because he was a wiser philosopher. Of the same type was the Athenian who voted to banish Aristides because he was tired of hearing him called the "Just." We do not have to search the Bible or the pages of ancient history to know people infected with the microbe of envy. Such people come under our observation in these modern times.

Envious people are parasites on society, who seek to destroy everyone but themselves. Envy is the devil's best friend and Christianity's greatest foe. No one who is envious can live to make the world better, but always makes it worse. Anyone who has

lived and not made some life brighter, nor lifted a single burden, such a life is vanity. If we cultivate envy we cannot make others happy, but will make more numerous the thorns in their pathway. We should have a higher purpose in life. If some one surpasses us a hundred times, we should help him on to the goal he seeks rather than let an envious pirate control us and try to umpire. As on a railway train, the backing of a train on the next track seems to make our train go forward, so some seem to think they are advancing themselves by lowering the reputation of others. These envious ones are not even standing still but are pushing themselves back while attempting to push others backward.

Let us rather let in the love for all mankind that drives out envy as light drives out darkness. When David was forced to acknowledge that Saul had a deep seated envy against him, he did not try to break it down by being as mean as Saul, but just went on doing his duty faithfully and well so that all Israel and Judah loved him. We need more Davids and fewer Sauls. Envy is the greatest antagonist to the Christian religion. If the devil is ever successful in striking religion a fatal blow, envy will be his most highly prized weapon. The results of envy and the teachings of Christ are the two most opposite things we can imagine. Enviousness means to injure, make some one unhappy, to besmirch a character, to put as many thorns in life's pathway as can be put there.

Christ teaches us to make the world better, to help others to a higher plane of living, to scatter sunshine around us and to injure no one. He who claims the name of Christian and is envious is a liar and the truth is not in him. To such I would say, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

OPPORTUNITY

In my vision of the struggle of humanity for that goal we call success, I saw in the fog of the uncertain future men striving to gain something that would advance them in life. I saw in the midst of the throng a brave fellow struck with more adversity than it seemed that a human soul could bear. A faint hearted, shiftless fellow saw the difficulty of the other and thought if he had such talent and chance to win in life how grandly he would march on. With this thought he fell and was seen no more to show his head above the fog.

Soon came the one who had been keeping up the brave fight and found himself with the same weapons the coward had cast away. With the courage of a lion, he seized that which seemed hopeless to the other fellow and pressed through all obstacles and won the goal for which he had started.

Opportunity is not a piece of "luck" for the worthless but a door that is always open to the brave and true.

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